

# The War Cry

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF BRIGADE JOE.

1.—Beating into a Precious Slave. 2.—Running after Loaded Coal Carts to Catch what  
Dropped off. 3.—"I Rivalled Sullivan in my Pugilistic Encounters with my Wife."  
4.—Brigading in the Delight of Our Hearts.

## BRIGADE JOE, THE HAPPY SALTMAN.

Won for God by a Knock-down Blow  
from the "War Cry."

(From the English "War Cry.")

I am a native of Stockport, and was born there on the 9th of August, 1829. My father and mother were God-fearing folk, and did all in their power to bring up I and my brother and sisters, six in number, in the fear of God.

I can well remember, in my very youthful days, going with my parents to the little Methodist chapel, although it was always against my will, and I used to

think going to chapel was an awful bore, and only fit for old people. When there, my father's efforts were generally inclined in the direction of my ribs to keep me awake, and often did I disturb the congregation by my incessant yawnings, and an

### EXTRA DIG IN THE RIBS

would come me to bawl in true Lancashire style.

When I was old enough, I was sent to Sunday-school; but I cannot say that any efforts that may have been put forth on my behalf were fruitful, as I was a thoroughly bad lad, and many times played truant.

I always, however, contrived to meet some of the scholars and glean from them some idea of the day's lessons, so that if

questioned I should be ready to give my father an account of the day's proceedings. At times, the school teacher would come to our house to enquire after me, and as I knew a jacking was in store for me after his departure, I used to run away from home.

Even then, I had a good friend in my mother. Many times when I have been from home she has hunted me up to give me food,

AND, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES,

she would say "Come home, Joe, my lad, see your father and get it over, and do be a good lad in future."

Her words, however, were all of no avail, as I was quite hardened by this time, and used to stop out night after night, sleeping in outhouses, or anywhere I could go to.

My father used to find me no at times, take me home, and try by all the kind acts he could, to influence me to be a better lad.

He would not punish me if I returned. I made many promises to my mother that I would be a better lad, and in her prayers she would ask God to help her poor Joe to keep his promises. But in a few days I would break out again and be as bad as ever.

I cannot remember my age at this time, but I was very young.

When I was enticed to go to Sunday-school, I was a

### GAZER OF BRANCH TO MY BROTHERS,

who was a teacher, and on one occasion, when he was teaching the class I was in, I caused much merriment for the scholars and confusion to my brother.

The class was being put through a course of spelling. One of the words that fell to my lot was "must," and that one fairly puzzled me. I got through all the rest pretty fairly; but was mixed when I got to "most."

I looked at my brother, hoping he would

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]



Here I commenced a new business, hawking combs, lappes, buttons, &c., taking rags, bones, or money in exchange. I got another home together, but after a while I had the misfortune to break a

previous to my conversion I was a noted bird-catcher. I never once in all that time missed a Sunday from catching unless I was ill or it was a wet day.

ful language, she passed away. The Lord has said in His word, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," Do not grieve away the Spirit of God.

the new comer was delighted when he found there were no bars or bolts, but all was ruled by love,

away in my memory, but let there are many discour-  
aging particular work, there  
encouragements. Pay them  
hand and pants  
glass. What a  
breast, and how  
for mastery. E

g heart he takes up his  
struggle is going on in his  
each power seems to strive  
all he drink it? No, he  
10 soldiers, its  
big corps with 50  
diers, hide their

enough to make these  
100 and over sol-  
ids

that rise up against  
before thy face :  
against thee one way,  
seven ways".—*Deut.*

they shall come out  
and flee before them  
88.7 C. D.

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Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

## 1 War and Experiences.

MAJOR FRASER.

Turn—A never-failing Friend.

HER Salvation train runs from Calvary to heaven.  
That sinner for glory may start,  
The new living Father the Father has given.  
The sinner He wants is thy "heart."  
The lines are well laid,  
The fares are all paid,  
The way of salvation made plain;  
If you will but make haste, to the station of grace,  
You can go by the Salvation train.

CHORUS.

The great Salvation train, the great Salvation train,  
Come, take your seats, we're going to

The Lamb for sinners slain.

The great Salvation train, the great Salvation train,  
Oh, we are off to glory in the great Salvation train.

One more chance for sinners, no time for delay.

To the office of Calvary flee;  
Begin with repentance, and look all the way.

Believing that Christ died for thee,  
Washed with blood not seen,  
Be ready to go.

To glory, with Jesus to reign.

With haunch unfurled, we will tell all the world.

There is room in the Salvation train.

This great train is driven with blood and fire power.

And grace keeps its passengers strong;  
Is salvation traffic increasing each hour,  
And holiness grows in strength.

When journeys are rough,  
The steam is kept up,  
So it goes all full speed just the same;

To the station and seat, is the "glory express."

Tis the wonderful Salvation train.

CHORUS.

When the "pearly gates unfold,"

VB a message straight from heaven  
I've a message to your heart,  
That your past may be forgiven.  
If you from your sin will part,  
For your Saviour now is here,  
And He bids me say tonight  
That He's longing now to make you  
Fit to walk with Him in white.

CHORUS.

When will you seek salvation?

Oh, 'tis madness to delay!

Jesus, here and now, can save you now.

Come to-night, then, while you may!

CHORUS.

As a child, you were nearer heaven

Than you are, ah, tonight.

And the Lord could cry your tears;

But now it seems so longed,

And the old chains bind you fast.

And the devil whispers in your ear,  
That day of mercy's past.

CHORUS.

We have stood where you stand, poor sinner!

We have had your hopes and fears.

We wondered if there was mercy.

If the Lord could cry your tears;

But we came to His cross, and we prove.

CHORUS.

And His love has set us free.

And, oh, sister, brother, listen—

He'll be the same for thee!

CHORUS.

One more He urges you, is man's love

Come, lay your heavy burden down!

He'll wash away your sin, and he'll give you

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

## 2 Holiness.

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## 3 We Mean to Conquer.

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## WAR CRY.

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